

Evening Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
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Published daily at Presto-Lovers Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

Subscription Terms:
By carrier, six cents per week. By mail, postage paid at Philadelphia, except foreign postage. Single copies, one cent. All mail subscriptions payable in advance.

THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR MARCH WAS 119,711.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1916.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.—Swift.

Governor to Mend Roads.—Headlines. Fenoes?

Perhaps Carranza thinks that if he is going to lick the United States he would better begin while the Government does not know its own mind.

The controversy over who wrote the plays of Shakespeare is not nearly so acute as that over who is to get the nomination in the Republican National Convention.

No one can look at the saloon map of Kensington without concluding that there is some justification for the campaign against the saloon which is soon to begin there.

Colonel Roosevelt says that the tariff appeals to the belly and not to the soul, but he does not mean to suggest that the free trade Democrats are the soul of the country.

No one will disagree with Senator Stone when he says that we should have a larger navy. He shows his failure to understand the exigencies of the situation when he opposes an increase in the army.

Call New York Piers Second to Those Here.—Report of Director Webster's trip. But alas as Abraham Lincoln said, calling our piers first will not give them the shipping unless manufacturers do the calling.

Fortunately for the disappointed politicians, the members of the American Philosophical Society, now considering scientific questions in Independence Square, are not the only citizens who can enjoy the consolations of philosophy.

At least the German Government has set our mind at rest concerning one important problem. We know now that between sinking commanders of submarines amuse themselves in the gentle art of sketching their victims. Kultur!

Notwithstanding the fact that the Judge Advocate General of the army has shot the Hay and Chamberlain bills full of holes, the Senate continues to debate the provisions for federalizing the militia as though they were of some practical use.

The final argument in the appeal of William Barnes from the verdict of the jury in his suit against Roosevelt will be made in October when the presidential campaign is at its height. No other date would suit Mr. Barnes so well, or Mr. Roosevelt.

Experts of one kind have reported that the upper part of the City Hall tower is rotten; "experts" of another kind insist that the foundations are rotten; and there have been rumors that there is rotteness somewhere between the foundations and the tower.

More true than most figures of speech is the statement that "only a miracle can prevent an open break with Germany." Unfortunately, the nature of the miracle is known—a back-down and a pledge from Germany. And we have reason not to believe in that kind of miracle.

As no one objects to the construction of the Frankford elevated railroad line, work on it is progressing rapidly. The first steel column for it was set yesterday, and its successors will rear themselves in the air so rapidly that they will all be in place before you know it.

Recruiting is looking up. Only 70 men were enlisted at the Philadelphia station of the army in March, but 120 have been accepted during the first 14 days of April. Yet, even at this rate, it will take a long time to get the 20,000 increase to the regular army which Congress has authorized.

Senator Thomas rivaled Mr. Bryan as a dispenser of fapdoode when he told the Philadelphia Democratic Club that when there was a resurrection of the spiritual sentiment of the nation the number of soldiers and sailors in uniform would be unimportant. It will take more than rhetoric to prepare this nation to defend itself.

The Reading has begun to boost the port in the right way by sending to its shareholders along with their dividend checks a notice calling on them to ship and order all foreign freight to them shipped by the Reading line, through the Port Richmond terminal. Now let the other railroads with Philadelphia connections follow the good example.

No violation of neutrality is discernible in the offer, made some time ago and yesterday accepted by the French Government, for the rehabilitation of French industry after the war through American capital and inventive genius. Whatever American sympathies in the war may be, they have an overwearing heart for the individuals of all countries who are suffering, and they do not lack a business sense which will lead them to the work of reconstruction on the Rhine as swiftly as to that on the Seine. That there will be multitudinous opportunities for such service and for such enterprise is as certain as the issue of the war is uncertain. No man knows what the day brings forth, but we are happily sure that misfortune and misery are the awful

camp followers in this war. We may not have a friend Europe now, but when the war is over we shall have plenty of business associates. It only for the good this country can do afterward it must not go rashly into the war now.

WE ARE READY!

Carranza has asked the United States to withdraw from Mexico in order to save his own skin. He cannot control Mexico. He is not master in his own house. The President has asked whether we are ready to get into that house, save our own property and our own people. For the good of the world we must restore order there. Then, for the honor of our honor, we must leave. But not till then.

The President has asked the country a plain question. With the Mexican situation in every man's mind, there could be no mistaking Mr. Wilson's meaning when he said: Are you ready to go in where American interests and those of humanity coincide and to come out as soon as the interests of humanity have been satisfied? Are you ready to see that American interests shall cease when the balance for humanity has been redounded? Are you ready?

The President is entitled to a prompt and decisive reply. The United States has interests in Mexico, legitimately established and justifiably claiming the protection of a stable government. Citizens of this country, accustomed to the security of such a government, are now living in Mexico, and while anarchy obtained there, were compelled to look to their native land for shelter. That was the beginning of our relations with the country beyond the Rio Grande. The first phase lasted five years, was characterized by serious errors of judgment, by hesitations and fatal delays.

When Carranza was recognized anarchy to some extent ended in Mexico and only the minor problem of restoring perfect peace remained. For many months the United States indicated good faith by permitting the recognized Government of Mexico by itself to deal with the outlawry centered about the person of Francisco Villa. The pretense broke down when, March 9, Villa raided the town of Columbus, New Mexico. Immediately thereafter separate expeditions were formed by the two countries, apparently with full understanding of both, for the extirpation of the outlaw band.

There is nothing in this record of fact which justifies suspicion of the motives of the United States. Had this country desired an invasion of Mexico it could have found a shield and buckler ready to its hand years ago. Indeed, the chief protest against our attitude has been that we are struggling against our own "manifest destiny." The United States has scrupulously avoided the appearance of covetous greed as seriously to injure its own prestige and standing. And in the face of this trying and troublesome solitude for Mexico we are met with the astonishing and impudent request from Carranza to leave the country, with Villa uncaught, with the power of revolution and anarchy laying its dreadful hand again on the heart of every irresponsible brigand in Mexico, as a high sign that all is ready for another debauch of riot and of murder.

Venustiano Carranza, styled the First Chief of Mexico, has asked the American troops to withdraw simply and solely because he is afraid of Mexico. He is not master in his own house. We know that behind it the heart of Carranza is weak with fear. He cannot control his own men, he does not command his own country. He can hardly expect us to be frightened when the voice of command is tremulous with fear itself.

But there is more than a suspicion that Carranza is playing a sharp game. Sometimes when a brawl breaks out in a gambling house and the police break in, one remains while the others hide, and assures the police that the trouble is over. It may be done out of love for the guilty; it may be done out of fear for self. No one fancies that Carranza loves Villa. He is "fright" rather than preferring that Villa escape rather than the truth be known. The truth which he wishes to conceal seems to be that he cannot keep his house in order.

Whether Carranza comes to open defiance of the United States or not, the situation is now clear. So long as there was a chance for peace in Mexico the world could forgive the monstrous waste of rich material which unintelligent, indolent and corrupt exploitation caused there. So long as Mexico held an open door to the energies and the driving powers of other nations, she could safely be left to her own small devices. That time has passed.

The interests of humanity, which President Wilson invokes, demand a Mexico which is at peace. The interests of civilization demand a Mexico open to the development which large minds can give to it. There are other special American interests, as there are English interests and German and international. All of them are our concern, but our first concern is the interest of the world. It would be an unfortunate thing if private American interests, having followed our troops into Mexico, should refuse to withdraw after "the balance for humanity had been readjusted." It would be a far more unfortunate thing if private American interests should prevent our going in until that balance should be lost forever. It does not mean war, our going in, but in the present frame of mind of Carranza it means the threat of war. That threat should be delivered with a single voice, answering without fear, but with a full sense of responsibility, the President's question, "We are ready."

WHAT IS THERE TO HIDE?

THE Civil Service Commission, whose duty it is to see that the laws respecting the appointment of men to office after proper examination are enforced, should be the last body to refuse to permit inspection of its records by reputable citizens.

When the charge is made that the law was violated in the appointment of the Mayor's son-in-law the Commission should be the first to explain how the appointment was brought about. Refusal to permit an inspection of the records justifies suspicion and puts the commission in an attitude of defense, which is unfortunate. Young Robertson may have been appointed legally, though it is charged that he passed his examination a week and was appointed four days before he filed his application for appointment.

Nothing more than the violation of a technical provision of the law is involved; but when the letter of the statute was disregarded for the benefit of a member of the Mayor's family it is desirable that some explanation should be offered. The purpose of the civil service laws is to prevent favoritism. The Commission fails in its duty if it does not treat all candidates alike, and it forfeits public confidence when it resents an attempt to discover whether there has been favoritism in a specific case. The members of the Commission are not fools. They are expected to open their books before the court issues a peremptory order.

Tom Daly's Column

OUR VILLAGE POET

Whenever it's a Saturday an' all my work is through
I like to walk on Chestnut street to see what news is new,
But nowadays it kind o' seems to sort o' look to me
As if I'd have to git a car of 48 H. P.,
Or hitch old Dobbin to the rig or climb up on his back,
To chase the news that Chestnut street today appears to lack,
For just as soon as noon gits "high" around the city's centre,
Folks blow away so poldern quick you can't see where they went ter,
Just let old 12 Meridian step up an' blow his schatte
An' everybody floats away like down from off the whistle!
Some takes their bags o' funny tools to dig expensive turf
At Whitmarsh or Pine Valley or beside the soundin' surf;
Some grab a bag o' peanuts, a few five-cent cigars,
An' fight for standin'-room upon the north-bound trolley cars,
They're flyin' here, they're pushin' there, they're scramblin' all together
To git out where there's no brick walls between them an' the weather;
An' when the last o' them is gone (round maybe 3 o'clock)
Old Chestnut street is like a morgue in every quiet block—
Except where every now an' then a feeble yell or cheer
Will come cavortin' down the street an' climb into your car;
An' if you'll take a look you'll find a crowd around the board,
Pretendin' that they're happy watchin' how the runs is scored,
At one o' these end junctions—an, tryin' to look pleasant—
Today I marked these stay-at-homes all prominently present:
Bill George (the paper man), Jim Benn, "Cannuck" (our office boy),
Gov. Stuart, Jake (the sandwich man), T. Smith, John McAtavoy,
Al Turner, Simon (collar-buttons), Penrose, Doctor Krusen,
C. Clinton (also paper man), Dick Francis, John Van Dusen—
But, pshaw! why should my pen prolong the dash-dinged agony?
As I remarked it kind o' seems to sort o' look to me
Hereafter, when it's Saturday an' all my work is through,
I'd best git off of Chestnut street to see what news is new.

Have You One in Your Home?

OUR Constant Reader, the one who has read us consistently from the first, called at the office to see us today. We were told a number of interesting things; that soap which used to cost 6 cents a cake is now 2 for 15; that Gimlets have just the frock our flapper needs; and that she herself can't run the house on well—on what we're giving her.

Song of Scorn
I would not even give an old Persian dam
For the cleverest, timeliest, new anagram;
For I hate every one, I hate each and all,
On my poor, jaded spirit all anagrams fall,
So I hereby express my great scorn of such jests,
And I hymn my deep hate with these poor anagrams. WILL LOU.

WE're growing very tired of having our perfectly good suggestions for cartoons laughed to scorn by the tall, red-haired, rummy genius who spreads his right, triple-breasted, over the upper right-hand corner of this editorial office; and so, beginning today—and perhaps for one consecutive day only—we propose to present

Our Own Sykes



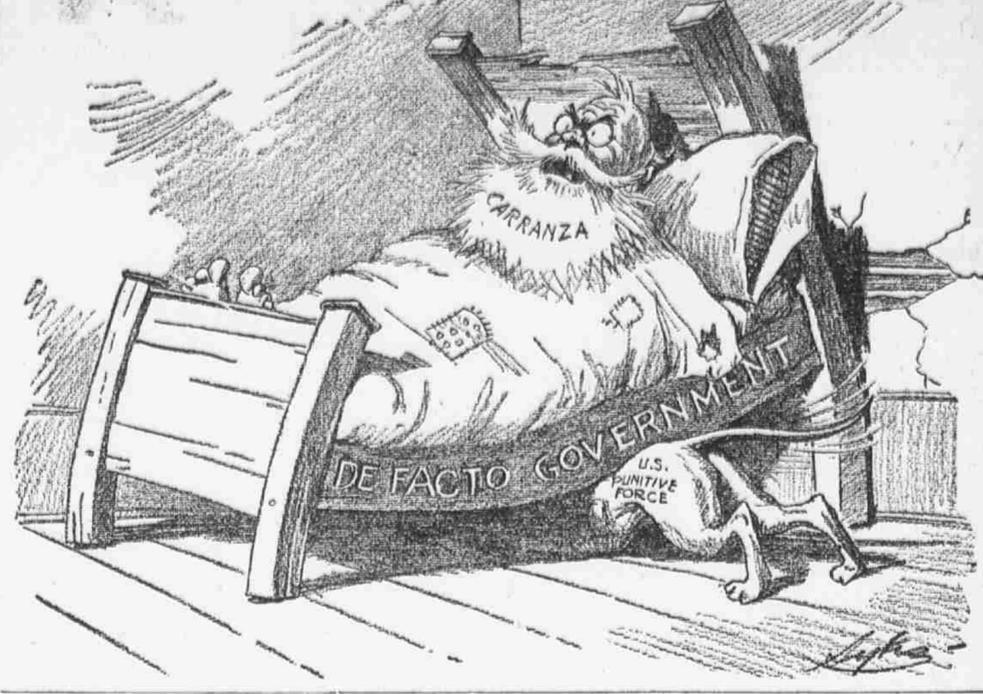
The Old Man With the Beard
(With proper apologies)
Said a certain old guy with a beard:
"Carranza! but isn't it weird?
A culture, a rat,
Six snakes and a bat
Have all made their nests in my beard!"

COMES a letter all the way from Ningpo, C. China. H. L. Corbin wrote it, and it's full of Chinese dainties. We'll dole 'em out to you, a mouthful at a time. "The Ledgers are doled out to me, ship by ship," says he; "then when I've finished with the papers my boy gets a few extra coppers squeeze from the native markets. 'Foreign papers more better for wrap fish,' he says. 'Some day I'll write you something. I have hopes that one day I'll complete my Great Oriental Classic, entitled 'The Call of the East.' So far all I've got is the last two lines: 'It rings and it sings from Harbin to Peking; 'Tis the Call of the East: 'Wherethehellisthat boy!'"

Anagram Contest

WE DON'T like that word "apposite" any more than you do, but that's the only adjective to apply to these two entries:
'TWAS IN RARE HAMLET I SPAKE SIN-CERELY
A DATE I DO CRY ON. X. Y. Z.
This got by for a different reason.
MY HOTEL NAP WENT BADLY.
The music was so loud,
On the corner I would gladly
Have hammered the whole crowd,
But when I roused up fully
I thought the playing bully. J. A. A.
Yesterday's answer:
A Thunder God—Dreadnaught.
Party Manners O. K.; Quite So!
A Doctor of Divinity
Who often plays the host to me
(He's quite a dear old friend of mine)
Had asked me to his house to dine.
He made prepositional moments spin
By saying fast on his events.
'How do you like it?' he asked of me;
But all I said was, 'Fiddle, D. D.' M. G. D.

"PLEASE GO 'WAY AND LET ME SLEEP!"



"BLOODLESS WAR" IN MEXICO NOT LIKELY

Trench Warfare Impossible for Two Small Armies on a 2000-mile Front—Obregon's Skill and Carranza's Intentions

AMERICANS who were drilled in a school, now on its way to the scrap heap, which made them more familiar with the fancies of the 40s of the last century than with the facts of today can rattle off with precision the exact number of Mexican soldiers whom one American soldier can defeat—and, one should add, "with one hand tied behind his back." We were told, and solemnly believed, that small detachments of American troops drove before them immense and thoroughly disgusted armies of Mexicans.

However true some of these stories may be, the fact remains that the United States employed 104,284 troops in our Mexican War, and the maximum number of Mexican troops was at no time more than 46,000. Today the conditions—on paper—are very nearly reversed. The strength of the mobile army within the United States was officially 53,022 as late as April, 1915, and Mexico, from all accounts, if her various factions united against the "gringos," would have between 85,000 and 100,000 men.

But if any still believe that one American is more than a match for two Mexicans, they are forgetting one important factor—a little thing which Maxim calls "the greatest life-saver ever invented." That is the machine gun. The Mexicans have machine guns. They have not been used as life-savers in Mexico, but for an exactly opposite purpose. But the truth contained in the epigram has been proved again and again in Europe. A small number of men with a few machine guns can play such havoc with a very much larger attacking force that modern warfare has been driven to a great extent underground.

Trench Warfare Impossible

But there is little reason to believe that a war between the United States and Mexico would develop the trench system which is universal on all the European fronts. The important reason there are trenches in Europe is that there are enough men engaged to fill them. But a mere couple of hundred thousand men fighting each other in trenches stretched across 2000 miles is unthinkable. The strategy would therefore necessarily involve fighting in the open, with detached columns trying to outflank each other and the advantage with the defenders, not with the invaders. In such fighting the machine guns would have full play. Under present conditions it would not be an easy or a "bloodless" war.

The Mexican general who would conduct the defense of his country is Obregon. He has had great experience, both in problems of attacking Mexico and defending it; for he was himself a rebel at one time. He is now Carranza's Secretary of War. Some idea of the kind of battles that Mexican conditions produce, of the size of the losses and of Obregon's skill can be had from the story of his first serious engagement. This was from May 9 to 12, 1913, outside of Guaymas, between Ojeda's Federals and Obregon's Constitutionals.

Ojeda's advance north consisted of about 1200 men and 15 pieces of artillery. They were opposed by 4000 men under Obregon with only artillery. Eight hundred Federals were killed by Obregon's men and all their artillery was captured. The Obregon forces lost 250 men killed and wounded. Each side killed all the wounded that they found and also all captives who refused to enlist in the captor's force. Obregon showed at one and the same time not only his military ability, but a savagery comparable to Villa's.

Carranza a "Mixture"

As for the de facto President, Obregon's chief, he is a strange mixture of pacific idealism and military cunning, of brotherhood-of-man professions and cruel actions. Carranza was the first Governor of a Mexican State to bid defiance to Huerta and he started the armed revolt which spread quickly throughout northern Mexico and ended in the overthrow of the Huerta regime. He was born in the State of Coahuila, of one of the old families that boast pure Spanish descent. The Carranzas were extensive landowners for generations and the President's fortune was estimated at \$500,000 several years ago. It has probably doubled since then. He is described as "a stern, uncompromising Spanish gentleman, with the simple habits of a plainsman." He is a total abstainer from liquor and tobacco and a disciplinarian in big and little things. His tall, wiry figure is set up like a soldier; he rises at 5 in the morning, and he works indefatigably. This is the typical account of ever-man who has engineered great and devious politico-military enterprises. His education, his actions, make it certain that he knows perfectly well the futility of any hopes of avoiding anything but complete even-

Borgia Methods and Bourgeois Sentiments

His remarkable combination of scholarly and philanthropic professions with barbarously cruel methods is well indicated in this interview which he gave to a journalist during his military campaign: "The land of Mexico, which was formerly the people's, has been seized by the few. The owners of it compel those who are working for them to buy the necessities of life from them alone. They lay a burden of debt upon the poor people and make them virtually slaves, for so long as the poor owe them money they cannot get away.

"Then, there is the growth of the middle class. Formerly there were only rich and poor. Now there is a class in between which does not like to see the poor oppressed, which knows what democracy and social reform means in other countries, and which is resolved to take successive steps forward to complete self-government." And then he spotted it all by adding: "We Constitutionalists refuse to recognize any President who may be returned at a fraudulent election. We shall put to death anybody who does recognize him."

The best bourgeois sentiments combined with the worst Borgia methods! H. S. W.

VERDUN'S "UNKNOWN" DEFENDER

General Henri Philippe Petain, directing the French army which has defended Verdun and its ringed forts in the crucial battle of the last eight weeks, is the "find" of the year. The first time his name had ever appeared in the general news columns of the French newspapers was on the occasion of President Verdurin 10 days after the battle began. Until two years ago he was a plain colonel, teaching military tactics in a training school at Saumur, a French provincial town, and when the war broke out he was about to retire, despairing of ever reaching a higher grade.

Now he is the commander of the most important army on the Allied front. It was Petain who led the charges north of Arras last spring; it was he who prepared the French offensive in the Champagne last fall, and he was called upon to take up the supreme task of the defense of Verdun. And then, "Who is General Petain?" everybody asked. As few had seen his name in print, it was supposed in Paris to be spelled "Petain," the pronunciation of which would be about the same as that of "Petain." It was not until March 2 that the French were sure about the "a" in the name. During the early days of the Verdun battle the Paris Journal printed his picture, but was not allowed by the censor to tell who it was. Under the picture were the words, "Le General." And he was never interviewed until Lord Northcliffe found him during a lull in the German assaults on the stronghold.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

Among curious advertisements in a popular magazine are these: "Make Gold, Artificial. Stands test or money back." "Invent Something! Our free book tells you what to invent." "Endless Neckties—something new—Twelve Ties in one." "Now's the time to Sell Luminous Crucifix to Catholics for Easter." "Will trade Thrashing-machine for Aeroplane." "Drunk, Sick or Crazy—Need we let you collect the money and keep it all."—Outlook.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

If the trouble in Mexico is ever settled and the war in Europe ended, the newspapers will be put to it to adjust their first pages to the changed conditions.—Los Angeles Evening Express.

Once it is made clear Roosevelt is not a possibility in all human probability the field will be open to all Republican candidates without the slightest danger of having to enter into rivalry with Charles Evans Hughes.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

The Bird marrying the Colonel at this moment has its habitat in Massachusetts.—New York Sun. The bird worshipping the Colonel at this moment, as for several years, is that Gloomy Gus of the orthological kingdom whose distinguished accomplishment is croaking "Nevermore."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Henry Ford delegation to the Republican National Convention elected in Michigan will need only a little of their candidate's fondness for peace to make a lot of trouble at Chicago. With an appropriation corresponding with that which financed the recent expedition to Europe, they might even "steal" the nomination from the Colonel again.—New York World.

LIFE
What am I, Life? A thing of watery salt
Held in cohesion by unresting cells
Which work they know not why, which never halt;
Myself unwitting where their Master dwells;
I do not bid them, yet they toil, they spin
A world which uses me as I use them,
Nor do I know which end or which begins,
Nor which to praise, which pamper, which condemn.
So, like a marvel in a marvel set,
I answer to the vast, as wave by wave
The sea of air goes over, dry or wet,
Or the full moon comes swimming from her cave
Or the great sun comes forth; this myriad I
Tingles not knowing how, yet wondering why,
—John Massfield, in the January Atlantic.

What Do You Know?

Queries of general interest will be answered in this column. Ten questions, the answers to which every well-informed person should know, are asked daily.

- 1. Name two of the principal ports of Mexico.
2. What are the Mississippi River levees?
3. About how much money is there in circulation in the United States?
4. What is the Koran?
5. Who is Chief Justice of the United States?
6. What do the initials "I. W. W." stand for?
7. Who was Thomas Washington?
8. How is the Premier of England selected?
9. What is the Boston Common?
10. What military event brought military activities in the American Revolution to a close?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. Munitions of all sorts, rubber, leather, money, copper.
2. The art of tempering copper was known to the ancients, but to the modern world it is a lost art.
3. Two per cent, a year on postal savings.
4. Twenty-one frogs for Lee's egg to hatch.
5. A New England lecturer and anti-slavery agitator of the last century.
6. Montreal is the largest city of Canada, with a population of 470,000.
7. Red, blue and yellow are the three primary colors.
8. Trying to divert attention from the main question by some side issue.
9. Stringed instruments, wind instruments, instruments of percussion and keyed instruments.
10. Meehanium is a compact earthy mineral used in the manufacture of pipes. Chemically it is a hydrated magnesium silicate.

Great Soldiers

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Will you please tell me who were the greatest five soldiers of all time? STUDENT.

No list of the greatest five soldiers could be made which would satisfy all experts. There is general agreement, however, that Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, Napoleon and Robert E. Lee were among the greatest generals of history. Some authorities would put Grant in the list, though military experts usually place Lee ahead of him. Englishmen would probably put the first Duke of Marlborough and the first Duke of Wellington in any list which they would make up.

What Kills "Good Risks"

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Has a man who can get a life insurance policy a better prospect of long life than one who is rejected, and what is the cause of death of the insured, old age or some acute disease? T. G. K.

As the man who is insured has a better prospect of long life than a man who is suffering from some ailment which causes an insurance company to reject him as a risk. According to the last report of one of the largest life insurance companies, it paid losses in 1790 cases in 1915. Of these deaths 252 were from heart disease, 187 from apoplexy, 145 from nephritis, 158 from pneumonia, 134 from cancer and 104 from tuberculosis. Of the total number of deaths, 1037 occurred at the age of 60 or later. Typhoid and appendicitis killed only 17 and 33, respectively, and 63 died from no ailment save old age.

Boy Scouts' Incorporation

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Can you tell me when the organization known as the Boy Scouts of America was incorporated? Is Colonel Roosevelt at the head of it? P. F. M.

It was incorporated February 8, 1910. The honorary president is President Wilson, and Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft are honorary vice presidents. The president is Colin H. Livingstone.

Ask Dealers in Coins and Curios.

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Will you please tell me what is the value of a 50-cent piece dated 1832. F. C.

Questions of this sort cannot be answered in this column, as the prices of old coins vary from time to time and among the dealers, as the bidding at auctions demonstrates.

All the Days of the Year

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Referring to the ingenious (?) computation of "All the Days of the Year," appearing in your column, should not the following items be classed as "recreation": Vacation, 14 days; Sundays, 52 days; noon hours for years 23 days; and Saturday afternoons off, 26 days? According to your computation, you are allowing 242 days for recreation. BETHLEHEM STEEL.

Penrose's Seniority

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Was Boies Penrose re-elected at the recent senatorial election? If so, is he the junior or senior Senator from Pennsylvania? A READER.

He was elected Senator by direct vote of the people in 1914, being the first Senator chosen by this new method of election in Pennsylvania. He was elected to succeed Cameron for the term beginning March 4, 1917, and was re-elected in 1918, 1919 and 1921. Having served longer than Mr. Oliver, his colleague, he is the senior Senator.

Sir Douglas Mawson's Expedition

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—What was the purpose of Douglas Mawson's trip to the Antarctic? STUDENT.

Mawson, with about 60 other men, most of them specialists in various scientific lines, headed his expedition for the "Australian quadrant" of the Antarctic region. One purpose of the expedition was to establish a wireless station at Macquarie Island, whence warnings could be sent of the great storms which sweep over southern Australia, creating havoc on land and sea. The fauna of the region were also studied.